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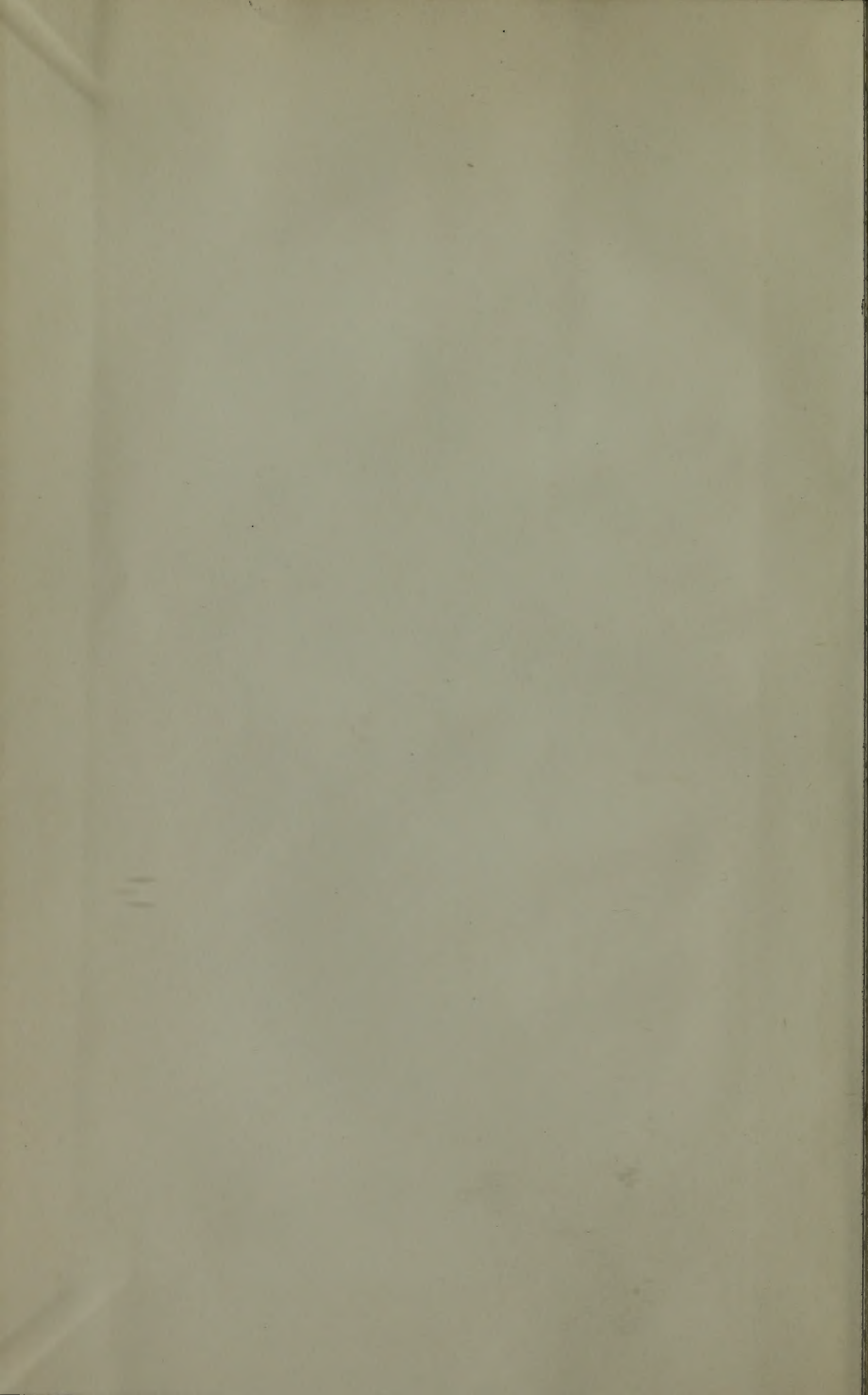
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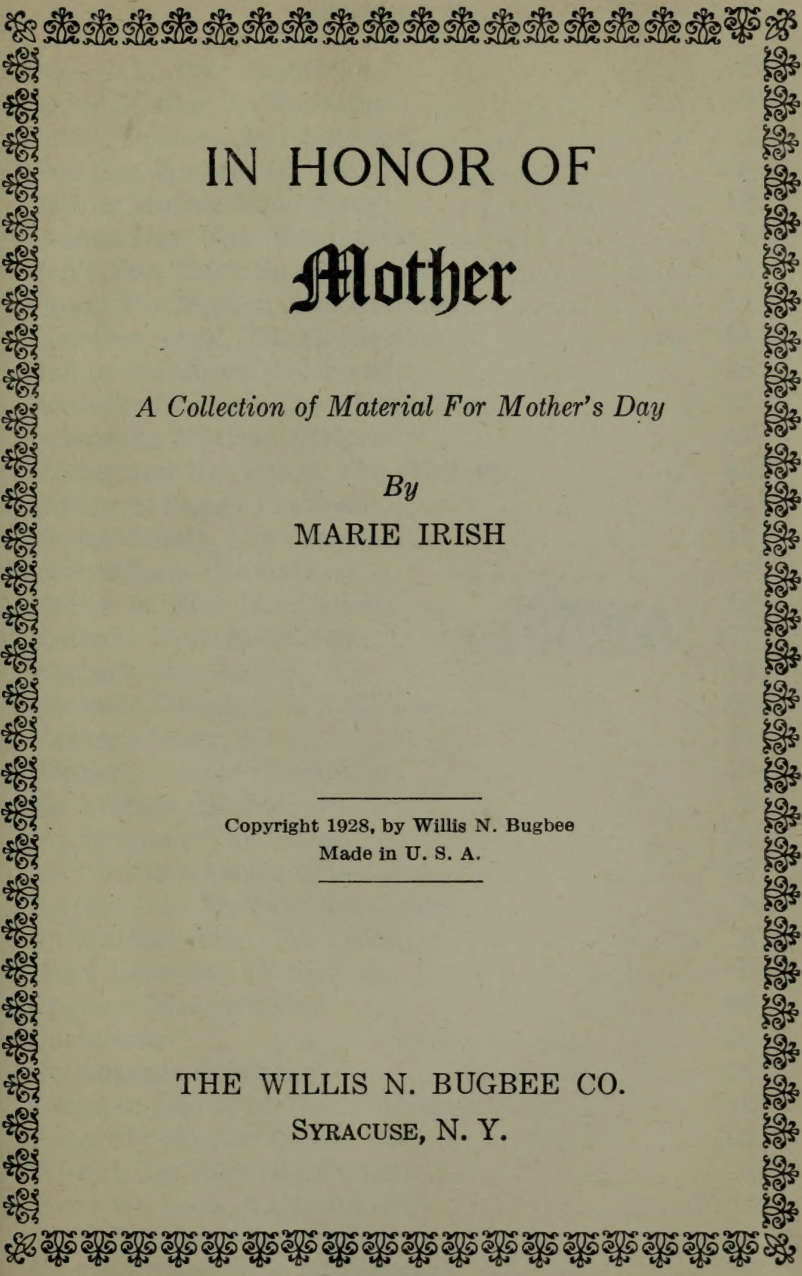
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IN HONOR OF
Mother

A Collection of Material For Mother's Day

By

MARIE IRISH

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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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In Honor of MOTHER

The Dearest Day

Mother's Day should be to us
More dear than any other,
Because in all the world there's none
So dear and sweet as Mother.

A Youthful Speaker

To stand up here and speak a piece
Overcomes me, nearly,
So I will only pause to say:
I love my mother dearly.

A Child's Opinion

I don't approve of just *one* day
Being Mother's Day, for you see
Every day through all the year
Is a Mother's Day to me.

Mother is gracious, kind, and good—
I love her more than I can say,
And every day through all the year
To me is a—Mother's Day.

One I Love Best

I am not brave at speaking,
Like sister and my brother,
But I have got a sweetheart,
And her name is—(*loudly*)
MOTHER.

Back to Mother

I like to start out by myself,
And travel down the street,
Goin' 'bout twenty miles an hour
On my scooter trim and fleet.

I like to play I'm visitin'
San Francisco an' St. Paul,
Then I go back home to mother
An' that part's the best of all.

A Better Mother

The Mother Robin tends her young
And feeds them juicy slugs,
And fills their little stomachs
With worms and creepy bugs.

But *my* dear and precious Mother
Sees that I am better fed
On 'taters, meat, and salads,
Cookies, pie, and gingerbread.

For Mother Robin's birdlings
A nest may be all right,
But Mother sends *me* off to sleep
In a bed all soft and white.

I suppose the little robins
Think their mother is quite fine,
But oh, how glad I am to have
A Mother just like mine!

Mother Love

We boys are quite a bother,
We make a lot of noise,
We track up mother's kitchen,
And strew the floor with toys.

The naughty things that we do—
They're more than I can name,
But in spite of all our faults
Mother loves us just the same.

When I Get Rich

When I get rich I mean to buy
On Mother's Day a ton of flowers,
As many as would grow within
A half a hundred bowers.

I shall buy the very fairest,
And I'll give these flowers away
To all the mothers I can find,
To commemorate *their day*.

I shall give my lovely blossoms
To that faithful, loyal band,
The queens upon the humble thrones
The mothers of the land!

Don't You Think So

The nicest thing in the world,
The dearest and the best,
Worth more than all the rest,
I know what it is, do you?
A mother's loving smile,
Your troubles to beguile;
The nicest thing in the world,
A mother's smile, kind and true—
And I'm sure *you* think so, too.

On Mother's Day

On February fourteenth I send
My mother a valentine,
With pretty colors and a verse
That says, "Won't you please be mine?"

When her birthday comes I give her
Some little present or other;
Of course I wouldn't forget to buy
A birthday gift for mother.

Again at Merry Christmas time
She finds on the Christmas tree
Something nice that was a secret
Between Santa Claus and me.

But when May brings us Mother's Day,
My feelings break from cover;
I try to let my mother know
How *very much* I love 'er.

No One Like Mother

Daddy is all right; he's jes' 'bout
As fine as they make 'em,
But if you want good pie or cake—
I'll say, it takes mother to bake 'em.

Daddy can make dandy slingshots,
An' knows how to sail a kite;
But when I've got a smashed finger
Only mother can do it up right.

Daddy can make willow whistles,
An' play ball like he's my brother;
But when I get sick there's no one
Can smooth out the pillows like mother.

If daddy's too busy to help me
I get along some way or other,
But I find again and again that
I *can't* get along without mother.

My Mother

Eyes so blue, and kind, and true,
Eyes that glow with tender light;
Lips that smile most all the while,
A smile that's warm and bright.

Voice that's low, and soft, and slow,
With a loving note that thrills;
Glance to press a soft caress
Warm as sunshine on the hills.

Face that's fair with beauty rare,
More fair than any other—
I've drawn her picture best I can—
The picture of—my mother.

Mothers' Virtues

The sins of the fathers shall be
Visited upon the children, and we
With the truth of this fateful warning
Find there is naught to do but—agree.

But a ray of consolation we find
To mitigate this fate of mankind—
Fathers' sins descend, but we find it true
The virtues of mothers are handed down, too.



A Word We Love

For six children who come on and stand in a line.

FIRST:

M—is for the Melodies
That Mother often sings;
I love her sweet-voiced music,
For a sense of peace it brings
When Mother sings.

SECOND:

O—is for the Ovation
That we give to Mothers today;
The hearts of sons and daughters respond
To the tributes that we pay
On Mother's Day.

THIRD:

T—is for the Token
That today with pride we wear;
To show our deepest gratitude
For Mother's love and care
This flower we wear.
(*All point to flowers they wear.*)

FOURTH:

H—is for the Hands
That guide us when we stray,
That toil for us unceasingly,
And sooth our troubles way—
Dear Mother's hands!

FIFTH:

E—is for the Eyes
Whose tender lights express
The constant and unchanging love
That the heart cannot repress—
Dear Mother's eyes!

SIXTH:

R—is for the Refuge
Whose strength we early learn,
The shelter when we are troubled
To which we often turn—
Dear Mother's arms!

ALL:

M-O-T-H-E-R, the word
That we children like to spell;
But how much we love our Mothers
We cannot begin to tell.



Home for Mother's Day

How do you do, ma'am,? I wonder
If I may quench this thirst of mine?
Just a cup or two of cold water—
Thank you, ma'am, this sure is fine.

Yes, I've been walking some distance;
Rather warm, don't you think, for May?
But it makes the traveling pleasant
With the green fields along the way.

Am I going far? Well, now—I—
I—can't just exactly say;
I planned to—I sort of wanted
To get back home for Mother's Day.

It's years since I've seen my mother;
Her hair must be getting real gray,
And my heart grew homesick a-wanting
To be with her on Mother's Day.

You think she'll be glad to see me?
Well, ma'am, I wish that I knew;
Wand'ring sons aren't always welcome
When they've done things they shouldn't do.

Oh, I'm not a criminal, ma'am—
Never did things terribly bad,
But—I wasn't a dutiful son,
And I've made my mother's heart sad.

You say that a mother's deep love
Lives on, ever constant and true?
You're sure there's a welcome for me—
Ah, ma'am, how I wish that I knew!

If I were your son, wild and erring,
Would *you* take me back and forget—
Forgive and forget the mistakes
Of him who had once been your pet?

You would? You could? Oh, MOTHER,
I'm your son, your boy long away.
Don't you know your wandering Joe?
Please, mother, just say I may stay.

Say once again you'll forgive me,
Then I'll raise eager eyes above—
When once they can leave your dear face—
To thank God for a mother's love.



A Flower for Mother

We will wear a flower for Mother
With an air that seems to say;
'Tis a sweet and valiant Mother
That I'm honoring today.
We will wear a flower proudly,
As if to say, in fine:
Ah, you cannot find a Mother
Who is worthier than mine.

With sentiments of gratitude
Our flowers we will wear,
And muse upon the magnitude
Of a mother's tender care;
We'll measure up the height and depth
Of her love and loyalty,
Then we'll know that Mother's flower
Is the badge of royalty.

We will wear our flower humbly
For it makes us realize
That perhaps we do not merit
All the pride in Mother's eyes;
And the flower-petals whisper
That her teachings we should heed,
And be a credit to Mother
In our thought, and word, and deed.

Yes, today we'll wear a flower
And we'll let our pulses thrill
To the thought that we love Mother,
Love her dearly—always will!
We will wear our flower proudly,
As if to say, in fine:
Ah, you cannot find a Mother
Who is worthier than mine!



Mother of Mine

Mother of mine, I am
Wandering back today,
Along the paths of Memory,
Where childhood fancies play;
Back to the lilac bush
Beside the old front gate,
And the row of hollyhocks,
Growing tall and straight.

I am going back to swing
On the limb of the tall oak tree,
Up through the air toward heaven
With motions light and free;
To drink again the sweetness
Of the flower-perfumed breeze,
And lie out in the orchard
Beneath the apple trees.

I am going back to watch
The swallows skim the sky,
Listen to the catbird's call,
And the mourning dove's sad cry;
I'll wander through the grasses
Of the meadow, in my dream,
And gather for you, Mother,
The cowslips by the stream.

Mother of mine, you'll be there,
In the home of years ago;
I shall see your apron flutter
As you hurry to and fro;
I shall see you feeding chickens
In the yard beside the stable,
And watch you rolling cookies
Upon the kitchen table.

Mother of mine, you will be
There when I wander back,
To the dear old scenes of childhood,
By Memory's well-worn track;
With love-lit eyes you will watch
My childish games of play,
And we'll be happy together
In my dreams, on Mother's Day.



Mother's Day

By MAY GRIFFEE ROBINSON

YOU call it *her* day—and you fill it with cheer,
But what will you do tomorrow?
This is only one day of a long, long year;
Will the days on ahead stretch out gloomy and drear?
Will you give the kind word she is longing to hear
What about Mother's tomorrow?

Today she is reading that letter from you—
But when will you write another?
Will that be the thing you've forgotten to do.
Will you leave her to yearn the long days through
For your message of love to the heart so true
Will tomorrow be lonely—for Mother?

Nothing but plaudits for Mother today—
But how will it be tomorrow?
Will the smile you have given her lighten her way
Or will your neglect cloud her sun's bright ray?
Today you tell her you love her—but say—
Will you break her heart tomorrow?



Darling Mother Mine

Words by
WILLIS N. EUGBEE

Music by
CHAS. W. A. BALL

Andante

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked Andante. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass line consists of a series of chords: G3-B-flat3-E-flat4, G3-B-flat3-E-flat4, G3-B-flat3-E-flat4, and G3-B-flat3-E-flat4.

The first stanza of the song is set in 4/4 time. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "Oh my dar - ling moth - er mine, How the / When I chanced to stub a toe, Or I / Who can tell the hopes and fears, Through the / You who have a moth - er dear, Treat her". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and accompanimental, following the vocal line.

The second stanza of the song is set in 4/4 time. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "love-light used to shine, In your ten - der lov - ing eyes so long a - / met with great - er woe, It was you who kissed the aches and pains a - / ev - er chang - ing years? Who could count the hours of wor - ry you have / kind - ly while she's here; She's the best and tru - est friend you'll ev - er". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and accompanimental, following the vocal line.

Last stanza is sung more directly to the audience.

go, When you sang your lul - la - bies, Bring - ing
 way, Man - y won - ders you have wrought, Man - y
 had, When some cher - ished one was ill, Or too
 know, Oth - ers may be dear to you, Oth - ers

slum - ber to my eyes, As you
 les - sons you have taught, That have
 rug - ged was Life's hill, Some - times
 may be kind and true, But there's

rocked me in my cra - dle to and fro.
 helped me in my work or in my play.
 has your heart been wear - y, some - times glad.
 none like moth - er an - y where you go.

CHORUS

Oh my moth - er, dear - est moth - er, There will

nev - er be an - oth - er Who can fill the place you hold with - in my heart; No one

knows how much I miss you Or how much I've longed to kiss you, Dear - est

moth - er, may your mem - 'ry ne'er de - part.

The Guardian Angel

By MAY GRIFFEE ROBINSON

I SAW one watching o'er a child, while all the world was
sleeping,

A soft hand cooled the fevered brow, a low song hushed its
weeping;

A close embrace in loving arms, sufficed its fears to smother,
Was it an angel watching there? Or was it just—a mother?

A little lad just faring forth on Life's broad path alluring;
In all the world who, more than he, will need a love en-
during?

And so, to warn of pitfalls and of danger, there's another,
An angel, guiding every step; or is it only—Mother?

And when he's grown to manhood, he is still her little boy;
His every heart-ache brings a tear, she glories in his joy;
A great temptation comes his way—perchance he wrongs
his brother,

The world forsakes—she loves him still; oh, who can love
like Mother?

We cannot sink so low her hand will not reach down to
save us;

Our glimpse on earth of Heaven above, the holy love she
gave us;

We cannot stray so far away but with us goes another,
Forgiving, yearning, loving still; our Guardian Angel—
Mother.

And when she passes from our sight, her memory lives on,
A cloud by day, a fire by night, to guide till life is done;
And when we cross that unseen line 'twixt Here and
There, I wonder

Who'll be the first to welcome us?—an angel bright—or
Mother?

My Mother's Hands

By OLIVE F. WOOLLEY BURT

This recitation can be given effectively by an older child—perhaps ten years old—while it is acted out in shadow pictures by a very small child and a pair of hands. To make shadow pictures, hang a sheet across the stage. At some distance behind this have a lamp on the floor. The action takes place between the lamp and the sheet, so that the shadow of the actors is cast onto the sheet. To obtain the effect of having just “hands”, a screen is placed to one side of the center stage. An older person stands behind this, extending her arms and hands beyond the screen. The child is within easy reach of these hands, and together they act out the recitation. The child who recites, stands in front of the sheet, in view of the audience, or else behind the scenes, entirely hidden. Rehearsals will be necessary, as the profile of the actor must be kept to the sheet.

My Mother's hands are working all the day,
Busy and happy as two hands can be;
Whether I am home or out at play,
They're always finding things to do for me.

Why, in the morning while I'm still asleep,
They're up preparing breakfast for us all;
And they are careful very still to keep,
And not disturb us till it's time to call.

Then, when I rise I find those ready hands
Waiting to help me get my clothes on right:
To button up my dress, to fasten bands,
To fix supporters firm, but not too tight.

They wash my hands and face with greatest care,
Behind my ears and underneath my chin;
They brush my teeth and comb my tousled hair;
Until I'm just as neat as a new pin.

These busy hands have always time to spare
To mend a broken toy or tie a knot,
To bind a hand that's hurt or dry a tear,
To do the thing that's asked—no matter what.

They are the hands that make ice cream and cake,
That wash and iron my clothes, that mend and sew,
That give me medicine for stomach ache,
And gently point the way I ought to go.

Dear hands, that do so very much for me,
My hands, though small, would any service do
My love and thankfulness to let you see,
And make this day a day of rest for you.



My Mother's Day

(TUNE, "America")

Our Mothers, 'tis of thee,
The kindest, truest, best,
Of thee we sing.
Mothers who nourished us,
Mothers who cherished us,
On every side of us,
Your praises ring.

Dearest Mother thee,
Who taught us tenderly,
Thy name we revere.
We love thy gentle ways,
Thy sincere earnest praise,
All is peace and joy,
When thou art near.

Who kept us day by day,
Along life's slippery way,
Our Mothers dear.
Our love for thee, we sing,
For thee our tributes bring,
For thee our songs shall ring
From far and near.

Wherever we may go,
Dear Mothers, fond and true,
Of thee we'll sing.
Long may your lives be bright
With love's most holy light,
Protect our mothers dear,
Great God, our King.

Hail to the Queen

For two boys and four girls, juniors.

RAY (*as the two boys enter.*) Say, Don, what do you think about this saying that mothers are queens?

DONALD. I don't see what they want to call them queens for; we don't have kings and queens in this country. We're just common folks, all of us.

RAY. Yes, and proud of it. I'm not going to call my mother a queen.

DONALD. Nor I. For her to be just "Mother" is good enough for me.

(*Enter EVA and BESS from the right as he finishes speaking.*)

EVA. What is good enough for you—ice cream or lemon pie?

DONALD. Both if I can have large helpings.

RAY. We were saying we don't care to have our mothers called queens.

BESS. Oh, I think it is lovely to call them queens—it sounds so—so—grand.

DONALD. I don't think so.

RAY. Neither do I.

(*Enter ROSE and EDITH from the left.*)

ROSE (*with spirit.*) Neither do I.

EVA. How do you know what we're talking about?

ROSE (*laughing.*) I don't. What are you?

BESS (*severely.*) I say it is nice to call mothers queens and you ought to think so too.

EDITH. Oh, I do. Mothers *are* queens.

ROSE. Sure they are—queens upon thrones.

DONALD. Say, how do you get that?

RAY. Yes, prove it.

EDITH. Well, queens are rulers, aren't they?

RAY. Yes, sort of rulers.

EDITH. Well, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world—that's been known for—oh, I can't tell how long.

ROSE. Sure, and if they're rulers of the world they must be queens; they couldn't be kings, you know.

EVA. And everybody knows that woman is the power behind the throne, too, so that makes them rulers. Mothers are queens all right.

DONALD. Come to think of it, Mother rules at our house. We all have to do as she wants us too, even father. (*Laughs.*)

BESS (*with superior air*). Of course. All good mothers rule their husbands and children.

ROSE. But we don't mind it, 'cause Mothers are such nice rulers.

RAY. But see here, queens have thrones.

EDITH. So do Mothers—their thrones are their homes.

DONALD. I s'pose you'll say they have scepters, too.

EVA. Sure their scepters are—love. Listen to this:

Mother's a queen; the home is her throne;
She's endowed with power from above;
Her crown has gems of patience and faith,
And she rules her subjects with love.

RAY. That sounds nice; maybe you girls are right.

BESS (*with decision*). Of course we are.

ROSE. I know something else, too. We boys and girls are the knights and ladies of the queen's court and we're supposed to do things for her.

DONALD. Do what?

ROSE. Well, you boys should run errands and chop kindlings and—

RAY (*interrupting*). And you girls should wash dishes and brush up the floor and—

EDITH. Well, we *do*—that is, most always.

DONALD. I say, long live our queen mothers.

ALL. Long live the queens! (*Exeunt*).

(CURTAIN)



Origin of Mother's Day

THE idea of a special day for Mothers originated with Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, when she was planning such a memorial for her mother who had passed away the year before. She had been asked by the superintendent of the Sunday school, in the Virginia town where her mother had been a moving spirit, to arrange a service in her memory. As Miss Jarvis was writing notes, asking various friends to attend this memorial, the thought came to her that a beautiful custom might be originated by making this a national day of remembrance for Mothers, the living and the departed. She wrote letters to forty-eight governors, asking their assistance in founding the movement, but Governor Vessey, of South Dakota, was the only one to comply with her request. As he read the letter of Miss Jarvis, the thoughts of Robert Vessey went back to the mother he had left years before in Wisconsin; he issued, in 1909, a proclamation asking South Dakota to observe Mother's Day, using these beautiful words:

“Recognizing the importance of the home as the fountain head of society, and realizing that no statesmanship or legislation can save us if our homes become abodes of ignorance and degradation, I, R. S. Vessey, governor of the state of South Dakota, hereby set apart and designate the second Sabbath in our national memorial month of May as

Mother's Day

in grateful and loving remembrance of the one who, in our infancy, watched over us with tenderest care, in our youth gently guided us to higher ideals, the counsellor of our maturer years.”

The Mother's Day movement gained favor; in 1912 Governor Marion Hay, of Washington, called for its observance; other states took up the idea, and in 1914 President Woodrow Wilson issued a proclamation designating the second Sunday in May as a national Mother's Day, Congress having passed a bill favoring it.

Not only in churches and Sunday schools are mothers honored; hundreds of clubs and societies, both of men and women, revive tender memories with a "Mother" service at a meeting on or near the day nationally dedicated to her. Old and young are asked to wear a flower, a white one if Mother has passed on, a colored one for the living, and in wearing it to think of her and love her.



A Mother's Devotion

CHARACTERS

LAWYER EVANS
MRS. WEBSTER

MISS MINTY MIGGS,
GRANDMA BARLOW

Grandma Barlow is made up as an old woman, plainly dressed. She is propped up on a couch with pillows, a colored quilt over her knees and feet, the couch being at left side. Somewhat back of center Mrs. Webster sways easily in an old rocker; to the right, Miss Miggs sits with her fancy work. A little old table with a few cheap articles completes the furnishing of the room.

MRS. WEBSTER (to MISS MIGGS). To think this trouble should come to Gran'ma Barlow. It don't seem right a tall.

MISS MIGGS. 'Tain't right that half the things happen that do, but that's the way of the world. If any woman deserves something better'n she's gettin', it's Gran'ma here.

MRS. WEBSTER. One nice thing 'bout her being so deaf—she don't keep asking what you're saying. Doesn't seem to mind 'cause she can't hear.

GRANDMA. Do you know, I been thinkin' 'bout the picture I had took of Willie when he was ten. It was real han'some—looked like him, too. Folks did say he was fine lookin'. If I wa'n't so tired I'd hunt it up so's to show it to you. A good boy Willie was, if ever a mother had one. Allus doin' something to help me; quick to learn, too.

MISS MIGGS (to MRS. WEBSTER). Awful pity he got killed in that runaway, seein' he was the best one of her children. He might have turned out well.

GRANDMA. But all my children were good. Mattie was good; Hettie was a good girl. Sam an' Bennie were good boys. Lately sence I ain't been well I been layin' here thinkin' what nice times I used to have with 'em. They thought an awful lot of me. (*Wipes eyes on corner of apron.*)

MRS. WEBSTER. I'm glad she never learned the truth 'bout Sam bein' shot out west; been stealing they said.

MISS MIGGS. An' poor Mattie run off with the goodfer-nothingest galoot in the county. Had a hard time of it till the fever took her, I guess. (*To GRANDMA, loudly.*) Could you eat one of those cookies I brought over to you?

GRANDMA. No, not yet; maybe after awhile with some tea. You never did see children so ready to help their ma as mine were. Willie used to get up when he was real small to build fires for me mornings, an' Mattie begun makin' bread an' cakes 'fore she was ten. You see, I had to go out workin' after their pa died; lots of times they'd have the meal on the table ready to eat when I come home. I mind how they used to say I wouldn't have to work when they got big. Such good childern.

MRS. WEBSTER (*standing by couch*). Could you drink some tea now? I'll go make some. (*To MISS MIGGS.*) It might brace her up for the talk with the supervisor. I'm 'fraid she'll feel awful 'bout havin' to go to the poor farm.

GRANDMA. I don't care 'bout tea jes' yet a spell—wait a bit. I ought to get a letter from Hettie or Bennie. I wrote 'em saying folks is tryin' to take my house, 'count of the mor'gage. They won't hear to it, the childern won't; they'll help me—such good childern.

MISS MIGGS. I wish I hadn't promised to be here when Lem Moore comes to tell her 'bout going to the poor farm. Can't I go home?

MRS. WEBSTER (*rocking nervously*). Minty Miggs, I guess you'll not go and leave me here alone with her. You'll have to help comfort her. Dear me, I do feel dreadful 'bout it. I'd take her in myself if we weren't so crowded already.

MISS MIGGS. Wonder where Ben is now. I don't believe Gran'ma knows. They say Hettie's gone clear bad, plum' down. Ain't it a shame to have 'em turn out so?

GRANDMA. I jes' been thinkin' 'bout a dress the children give me years ago. The boys earnt money to buy the cloth an' Mattie an' Hettie made it for me. I was sure s'prised but that was like 'em. Such good children they were.

MISS MIGGS. Oh, I hear somebody coming. I s'pose it's Lem Moore. You go to the door, Mrs. Webster, I'm all upset. (*She goes to GRANDMA, smooths quilt and fixes her; MRS. WEBSTER goes over to side.*)

(*Enter* LAWYER EVANS.)

EVANS (*bowing*). How do you do, ladies? (*Goes to GRANDMA and shakes hands*). How are you, Mrs. Barlow. I have some news for you.

GRANDMA (*sitting up, frightened*). Now, I hope now, you ain't come to—to try—to take my house way from me.

MRS. WEBSTER. Where is Lem Moore? Why didn't he come?

EVANS. I don't know anything about Lem Moore. I have some news for Mrs. Barlow—in fact, some good news. (*He pulls up chair and sits near GRANDMA; the two women stand near couch*).

MISS MIGGS. Oh, I hope it's some *real good* news.

EVANS (*loudly, to GRANDMA*). I got a letter from your son Ben. He was in South America.

MRS. WEBSTER. My gracious—South America!

GRANDMA (*eagerly*). A letter from Bennie?

EVANS. He sent word for me to save your home for you; he is going to pay up the mortgage.

GRANDMA. Now, ain't that jes' like Bennie?

EVANS (*to the two women*). It seems he has been in South America several years. He thought his sister Hettie was looking after his mother until a short time ago when Hettie wrote and told him about the mortgage. He

has sold his land in South America and is coming right home to stay with his mother.

GRANDMA. I knew Bennie and Hettie would look after me.

EVANS (*to GRANDMA*). Your son is coming home. He told me to tell you he will be here for Mother's Day.

GRANDMA (*happily*). There, didn't I tell you what good children I've got? I knew. (*Wipes eyes on corner of apron.*)

EVANS (*rising*). You'll see your boy soon.

MRS. WEBSTER. Isn't this splendid?

MISS MIGGS. Just like a story in a paper.

GRANDMA (*getting up*). I've got to go to work.

MRS. WEBSTER. W'y, you don't feel well enough to work.

GRANDMA. I feel fine. I've got to make some cookies, an' get things put to right. I want the house to look nice for Bennie.

MISS MIGGS. We'll help.

GRANDMA. Ain't this wonderful?

EVANS (*shaking hands with her*). Yes, indeed it is. (*To the two women*). But the most wonderful thing in the world is a—mother's love.

GRANDMA. If I hadn't forgot all 'bout Mother's Day—but Bennie didn't. (*Beams on them happily.*)

CURTAIN

Recompense

CHARACTERS

JEM WILLIS

FRANK, *their son,*

MARY, *his wife,*

MRS. BLAIR, *a neighbor*

SCENE: *Plain living room in Willis home.*

Discovered, MRS. WILLIS and MRS. BLAIR, sitting visiting.

MRS. BLAIR. This Mother's Day, now, I don't know as it does much good. Seems to me 'bout all mothers are for is to work, an' work, keeping their fam'lies comfortable; an' they wear the clothes that you wash an' iron, an' eat up the stuff you cook, an' that mostly ends it. What do the young folks care 'bout us mothers?

MRS. WILLIS. I guess that's pretty near right. If they can get off for a good time, they don't mind whether mother enjoys life or not. They want to do as they please an' think we're too old-fashioned for anything but work.

MRS. BLAIR. Well, my girl don't need to wear a flower for me on Mother's Day. 'Twouldn't mean a thing. She's in the city, workin', having a good time, goin' somewhere every night, an' hardly remembers she's got a mother. (*Rises.*) Well, I must be goin' home. I want to plant out some more peas. I like to have a second bed that's later'n the others.

MRS. WILLIS. I'm glad you came over. Wish you'd come again 'fore long. It cheers up the day a real lot to have somebody drop in for a visit.

MRS. BLAIR. Yes, that's so. I think we mothers might's well get out once in a while as for the young folks to do all the goin'. You come over soon. Goodbye. (*Goes off at left.*)

MRS. WILLIS (*sitting again*). I think she's right 'bout Mother's Day. Wish now I had bought something for myself instead of getting that nice shirt for Frank. He don't appreciate what I do for him since he's big enough to run 'round with the young folks.

(Enter MR. WILLIS from the right.)

MR. WILLIS. Well, Mary, what's the matter? You don't look very cheerful.

MRS. WILLIS. I don't feel that way, either.

MR. WILLIS (*anxiously*). Stummick botherin' you again?

MRS. WILLIS. No, I just got kind of glum thinking 'bout how soon the boys and girls grow away from their mothers and get so they take 'em for granted and don't want to be bothered with their mothering.

MR. WILLIS (*sitting*). What started you to thinking such things?

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MRS. WILLIS. Maybe you've forgotten tomorrow is Mother's Day.

MR. WILLIS. Not much I haven't. Been thinking while I was working out here how I'd like to be back in Baxter's Corners with my mother tomorrow. There's lots of things I'd like to say to her; some things I'd like to ask her advice 'bout. too. I tell you, Mary, maybe you've got where you don't care much about your mother but I haven't.

MRS. WILLIS (*indignantly*). I guess I care as much about my mother as you do for yours, Jem Willis. Seems like I appreciate her more now than I used to. There's not a day I don't remember something nice about her and the things she used to do for me.

MR. WILLIS. Then what you gettin' sour on Mother's Day for?

MRS. WILLIS. I was thinking 'bout the young folks of today. It's like Sarah Blair said—they'll let you work for 'em and that's all they want of us.

MR. WILLIS. Oh, I don't know; seems to me that our Frank is a pretty good sort of a son. I ain't heard him complainin' 'bout his ma, have you?

MRS. WILLIS. No, but you haven't heard him praising her up and acting like he cared whether she lived or died, either, have you? Do you s'pose he wants my advice, or cares what I think about things, so long as he has a good time with the young folks? After he puts on the clothes I keep ready for him and eats the stuff I cook, he forgets he has a mother.

MR. WILLIS. Say, Mary, your stummick *is* out of order or you wouldn't have such foolish ideas. Frank ain't like that a tall.

MRS. WILLIS (*rising*). You don't know. Well, I guess I'll go start up the fire and bake a cake.

(*Enter FRANK, carrying a package.*)

FRANK. Say, Mom, I can't wait to give you a present, 'cause I've got to take 'em back to the store and change 'em if they ain't all right.

MRS. WILLIS. A present? What you got me a present for?

FRANK. Well, Pete's sake, don't you think I'm going to give you a present for Mother's Day? Don't you s'pose I think enough of you to give you a present? W'y, you ought to have something a lot better'n I've got here—hadn't she, Dad?

MR. WILLIS. Well, I don't know what you got; if it's a diamond necklace, I'd say it's 'bout what she deserves.

FRANK (*laughing*). 'Course this ain't anything expensive, but you wait, Mom, till I have a lot of money and I'll fix you up grand. (*Anxiously*). I hope you'll like these silk stockings.

MRS. WILLIS (*surprised*). Silk stockings—for me? You know I don't wear 'em.

FRANK. I guess you should have some, well as the rest of the women. W'y, you're *some mother!*

MRS. WILLIS. I was wishing only yesterday that I had some silk stockings—they look so pretty.

FRANK. Well, these are good ones; best I could get. (*He puts arm about her and gives her the package.*) Next year I'll get something nicer for you. 'Tain't every fellow has as nice a mother as I've got.

MRS. WILLIS (*with spirit*). Sarah Blair didn't know what she was talking 'bout.

MR. WILLIS. I'll say that she didn't.

FRANK. Look at 'em, Mom, and see if I need to change 'em. You want 'em to fit, you know.

MRS. WILLIS (*happily*). Oh, I think I'll just put 'em away to look at.

FRANK. Well, I guess you won't. (*She begins to unwrap the package, as FRANK smiles upon her.*)

CURTAIN.



The Songs My Mother Loved

The songs are given by a mixed quartette, off stage.
Lines are given by a reader:

READER (*coming to center of stage*):

As I think today of mother,
In her home of rest, above,
I seem to hear the tender notes
Of the songs she used to love.

Goes to side and stands in meditative attitude; quartette sings the first and second stanzas of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

READER (*at center*):

Mother was serene and constant,
Living patiently her days,
Tranquil in the storms and sunshine
That befell her verging ways;
When faith perchance was buffeted
By life's tempestuous breeze,
Mother found sustaining courage
In familiar lines like these:

Moves slightly toward opposite side of stage and stands listening; quartette sings first and third stanzas of "Rock of Ages."

READER (*returning*):

They were Mother's inspiration,
Those old songs she loved to hear;
I have seen her eyes grow brighter
With their words of faith and cheer;

They magnified her blessings,
And her soul in trust would rise,
Reaching with melodious cadence
To her help beyond the skies.

Moves over and stands with face uplifted; quartette sings softly the second and third stanzas of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

READER (*as above*):

There were times of exultation
In the ways that Mother tread;
I love her good old hymn of faith,
When perplexing doubts had fled:

Stands with courageous attitude, smile on face; quartette sings, with spirit, the first stanza of "How Firm a Foundation."

READER (*softly and reminiscently*):

As she traveled toward the sunset,
And growing weary, longed for rest,
Mother loved the songs of glory
Of the haven of the blest.
And as I think, on Mother's Day,
Of my dear one, now above,
I fain would hear the thrilling words
Of the song she used to love:

Stands with drooping and reverent attitude; quartette sings the first and second stanzas of "The Home Over There."

Scenes in the Life of Mother

A series of tableaux

NO. 1.—THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Against a dark background a young woman in light, pretty house dress, stands, presenting profile to audience. She holds a young child with both hands, it facing the audience, and gazes upon it smilingly. Soft light is thrown on the scene and the following words are read, off stage:

As sweet as the breath of dawn,
Fair as blooms in the garden bower,
Soft as the petals of roses,
Is the babe, the home's choicest flower;
Ah, Mother, young and so happy,
The crown of maternity prize,
And let no shadows e'er darken
The lovelight that shines in your eyes.

NO. 2—THE MOTHER AND HER BROOD.

A maturer woman sits in an easy chair with four children of varying sizes grouped about her. The youngest sits on her lap, the next sits on an arm of the chair, the third sits on a stool, presenting profile to audience, gazing up at the mother, the largest stands leaning against the back of the chair. The mother, smiling and animated, is pretending to tell a story, the children listening with interest. These lines are read:

Happy the Mother with a brood,
Sacred the duties that ensnare
A Mother's time and energy,
A round of work and daily care;
Blest is the Mother with a brood,
Hers the task to train and guide,
With patience and devotion,
The small lives at her side.

NO. 3.—THE MOTHER BEREFT.

Against a light background a mature woman, dressed in black, her face whitened, left hand at center of breast, attitude of grief; a boy of fifteen or so stands at her left, his arm about her; at her right a girl stands, holding the mother's right hand. They gaze at her consolingly. These lines are read:

When sorrow comes, as come it must,
And the Father passes on,
Bravely the children stand by Mother,
Taking the place of him who's gone;
With helpful, tender comfort
They now the burdens share,
And repay with gen'rous measure,
Mother's years of love and care.

NO. 4.—MOTHER AT SUNSET.

Against a light background an elderly woman, her white hair topped with a small black lace cap, her black dress lightened with white lace collar and cuffs, sits in an easy chair, a Bible upon her knees. With dreamy eyes she gazes into the distance as the lines are read:

When from anxious days and weary,
The long years have brought release,
Mother contemplates the sunset
With a smile of restful peace;
She has done a woman's duty
Toiled and loved and done her best,
Now she lives on happy memories—
A loyal Mother, richly blest.

Interesting Mothers

This can be given by five speakers, or if desired, shortened and given by one.

NO. 1. No mother of history did more for a son and for her people, through the work of that son, than did the mother of Moses. Perhaps her mother's intuition saw in him as an infant one who had a special task in life; at any rate, she saved him from death under Pharaoh's decree, then by her cleverness had herself chosen to care for him until he was old enough to be taken to court to live as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. It was during these early years that his mother laid the foundation for Moses' future greatness. Patiently, continually, she taught him the traditions of his people; line upon line taught him the precepts of the Hebrew religion; day by day laid the foundation of a character too strong to weaken under the idolatry and voluptuousness of the king's court. Later Moses became skilled in the learning of the Egyptians, but it was the early teachings of his mother that led him back to become the great leader of a great people.

NO. 2. Perhaps no mother of Roman and Greek history was more praised for her motherly virtues than Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. She was the daughter of the first Scipio Africanus, the rival of Hannibal. Of distinguished family, Cornelia was good and clever, as well as beautiful and attractive in manner. The wife of Tiberius Gracchus, a worthy man who held numerous offices of honor, she became the mother of a large family. After the death of her husband, Cornelia devoted herself to the care of the home and her children with such skill and devotion that she became famed as a mother. She took great pains with her children's education and became very proud of their achievements. One day Cornelia received a visit from a lady of note, richly dressed and adorned with rare jewels. The caller asked Cornelia to

show her some of her gems; calling her sons to her, Cornelia said with pride, "These are my jewels and their virtues are my ornaments." It was her hope that her sons should become so distinguished that she might be known as the mother of the Gracchi; her wish was realized and it is thus that Cornelia is still remembered.

NO. 3.—Probably no mother ever subjected her son to more severe Bible study than did the mother of John Ruskin, the English author. Day after day, year after year, she studied the Bible with him, having him read it aloud until he caught the meaning and could give it to satisfy her. Ruskin says, "If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience." From the first of Genesis to the end of the Book they studied, then—started again with Genesis. Of all the knowledge he acquired, from his schooling and contact with people, Ruskin said this teaching of his mother was the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of his education.

NO. 4. Of the mothers in fiction, none gives a more striking and pathetic picture of devotion and mother love than Lady Isabel in "East Lynne." Overcome with the bitterness of separation, torn by a longing for her children, the unhappy mother returned, disguised, to her former home, enduring the pain and humiliation of living as a governess under command of the new wife, that she might be with her children and care for them. Unable to express her devotion, since they knew her not as their mother, she stayed with them until the sad heart in a frail body found relief in eternal rest.

NO. 5. Greek mythology gives us the interesting story of Niobe, the proud mother whose boasting brought her sorrow and death. A queen of great beauty, the daughter of a goddess, wife of the ruler of the city of Thebes, Niobe

had much of which to be proud, but it was her children in whom she gloried. Seven sons and seven daughters had she, and because of their abundance, felt herself too strong for the fates to subdue. At the annual celebration in honor of the goddess Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, the people assembled, bearing to the altars their offerings of frankincense. Niobe appeared, beautiful of face, splendidly attired, bright with jewels, but angry with jealousy. "Why," she asked, "should you prefer Latona with her two children, to me, with my seven times two? I, too, am beautiful, the daughter of a goddess, a wife of importance. Cease these solemnities; have done with this worship." The people obeyed her, leaving the services unfinished. On the mountain where she dwelt, goddess Latona was furious. Holding herself second to none save Juno, she demanded worship. Calling Apollo and Diana, she told them what Niobe had done; immediately they went to inflict punishment. Veiled in clouds they darted through the air, alighting on the towers of the city, before whose gates the young men were engaged in sports. One after another the sons of Niobe were pierced with arrows, until all seven lay dead. Niobe, learning from the terror of the people, what had happened was amazed and indignant at what the gods had done. Her husband, torn with grief, killed himself. Niobe, weeping over her sons, raised her arms. "Cruel Latona," she cried, "satiated your hard heart while I follow my sons to the grave; yet, bereaved as I am, I am still richer than you." Even as she spoke, one after another her daughters fell lifeless about her, even to the last. Desolate, torpid with grief she sat among her dead. Unable to move, she was changed to stone, yet her tears continued to flow. Carried by a wind to the mountain, she became a mass of rock from which dropped a stream of tears, a tribute to her grief.

Christian Mothers

THERE is an enduring tribute to Christian motherhood in the testimonies of famous men who knew the influence of a religious mother. John Ruskin counted the religious teaching of his mother the greatest influence of his life; the mother of John Wesley was strict with her large family, bringing them up with a high regard for the right. The mother of Emerson, left a widow with five sons, came from her room each morning "as if from communion with God." Under her influence Emerson grew up with the strictest regard for all that was good and true. Oliver Cromwell's mother was deeply pious and early made him familiar with the Bible, so that in later life he was noted for his knowledge of the Scriptures. The beauty of Lamartine's character was due to "the high-souled, the heroic, the Christian woman, whose heaven was within and around her"—his mother.

Lincoln's mother died when he was young; yet not until she had instilled in him a love for the Bible, which he studied during his life, and the force of her Christian character. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher's mother, who died when he was young, by "her memory and example had more influence in molding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers."

It is noticeable that many of these mothers also exercised authority, teaching and demanding obedience from their children. Washington was so subject to the authority of his mother that to the last moments of her life he yielded her the most dutiful and implicit obedience.



A Mother's Day Sermon

By three speakers

NO. 1. Perhaps you think us presuming, friends, for attempting, when we are no preachers, to give you a Mother's Day sermon. Our only excuse is that we know so much about mothers—at least about how nice they are. To make this seem like a real sermon, we are going to take a text from the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, which gives a description of the model mother. You may think, because this was written some several thousand years ago, that this mother is getting old-fashioned, but as to that, we believe mother love has changed very little since God said, "Let there be light," and then, as the crowning act of creation, gave the world mothers. My text is the twenty-sixth verse: She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue. To the child, how wise is mother; how few adults, men and women, can look back and not appreciate the wisdom of mother's guidance, the kindness of her laws and admonitions. The poet has said:

God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

It is to the words of Mother, her wise counsels and her laws of kindness, that we would pay loving tribute on this, her day.

NO. 2. My text is in the next verse, the twenty-seventh: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness". What a wonderful picture of the model mother! Up early in the morning, the last to finish her work at night; cook, seamstress, nurse, housemaid, how tirelessly mother looks after the home

and her household. Looking well to their ways? Yes, indeed. What is there that escapes the eyes of Mother—especially if it be mischief or shortcomings!

“Darning little stockings for restless little feet,
Washing little faces, to keep them clean and sweet;
Washing, ironing, sewing, filling up the larder,
When there’s extra work to do—toiling that much
harder.”

The old proverb, “Woman’s work is never done,” must have been written about mothers. Think of the millions of unwritten stories of heroic endeavor, the humble stories of mothers who have worked to give their boys and girls a chance in life, to keep a home for them, to educate them. We talk of mother love, but what of her endurance, her perseverance, her cheerful patience in the long days of toil? My tribute today is to the large army of Mothers who look well to the ways of their household and eat not the bread of idleness.

NO. 3. My text is in the twenty-eighth verse—that wonderful reward of motherhood: “Her children rise up, and call her blessed”. I don’t think that “rising up” refers to getting up in the morning, for children usually are not fond of that; it might be the “rising up” is a growing up of the children about the mother, for they do that fast enough—stretching up like weeds, as the saying is. What I think is still better, that they rise up, on occasions like Mother’s Day and shower her with the loving testimonies she merits. Too often Mother is left to take for granted the love and devotion of her children; too often its expression wanes with the passing of years. I believe a real sermon has words of counsel and warning, so I would say: Observe Mother’s Day by telling her and others what a wonderful woman she is; write to her; send her a gift; honor her memory; be one of the multitude to rise up and call your mother blessed.

Quotations

Blessed is that mother whose words live in the hearts of her children, when her lips are silent in death.

“Lord who ordainst for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.”—Bryant.

“An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.”—
Spanish Proverb.

“Men are what their mothers make them.”—Emerson.

“A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.”—W. D. Howells.

“The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters become enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all.”—Washington Irving.

“If there be one thing pure,
That can endure
When all else passes away;
If there be aught
Surpassing deed or thought,
It is a mother's love.”

“A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age. He is still a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.”

“Many may make the household, but it is the mother who makes the home.”

“God could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.”

“In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother can bestow.”—Macaulay.

“Let France have good mothers and she will have good sons.”—Napoleon.

“All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.”—Lincoln.

“All that I am my mother made me.”—John Quincy Adams.

“Beauty fades, fortune fails,
The leaves of friendship fall,
But with unchanged devotion
Mother love outlives them all.”

“The mother, in her office, holds the key of the soul; and it is she who stamps the coin of character.”

“I love to feel that in the heavens above
The angels whispering to one another,
Can find among their burning words of love
No name so beautiful as that of Mother.”

—Poe.

“And as of old, my mother,
I am content to be a child,
By mother’s love beguiled
From all these other charms;
So to the last
Within thy dear protecting arms
Hold thou me fast,
My guardian angel, mother!”

—Eugene Field.

A Mother's Party

Especially nice for a large party to be held in a community hall, or in a home of generous size, in the afternoon, on account of the small tots who will attend with their mothers. This would be appropriate for "Mother and Daughter" banquet.

Decorations

The place should be decorated with evergreen boughs and branches and flowers, real or artificial. The letters "Mother" should be cut from cardboard and covered with gold colored paper and placed against green boughs in a conspicuous place on the wall.

The party should be gotten up entirely by the young folks, the girls should make the cakes and all the preparations for the party, done by the willing hands of daughters and sons, who will take great pride in entertaining mother at the Mother's Party.

Invitations

It would be especially pleasing for each mother to receive an invitation from her children, something like this:

(Date)

(Place.)

Please come to the Mothers Party,
It's for the very best mothers you know;
As you are the best among them all
You must be sure to go.

(Name.)

It is splendid for the older boys and girls to get up a program of songs, recitations and dialogues, and have it

all a surprise to the busy mothers who will enjoy the party and appreciate the loving thought of their boys and girls beyond anything else.

If there are any boys and girls whose mothers are awaiting their coming on the other shore some older women can be asked to be their guests at the party and they will be glad and proud to attend.

Some of the older girls can take charge of the program and see that everything goes smoothly.

After the guests have arrived each child presents his or her mother with a pink. The oldest child of a family presents the pink to mother and the flowers are worn during the afternoon.

The Program

Group singing of a song for Mother's Day is sung to the tune of "America" by the children and is a good beginning for the party activities.

A pretty exercise is a recitation in concert for a group of small tots standing in line. The following verse is a good recitation in concert, for very small children.

We like a lot of things
We like the spring and fall,
And we love everybody,
But, Mother, best of all.

Any readings, recitations or songs, appropriate for the occasion will be very good, in the program, for the older children and young folks.

Games

Any games are good especially those in which mother can join like "Roll the Tin Cover," or "Button, Button, Who's got the Button?" or "Drop the Handkerchief."

The children will never forget the Mother's Party in which mother played games with the rest.

The influence on children's after lives of wholesome right entertainment in their childhood cannot be over-estimated.

No person with a childhood of happy memories ever drifts very far from mother's teaching, the gist of which makes for better citizenship, always.

Refreshments

For refreshments, cake and ice cream are especially good for a Mother's Day Party and easy for the young folks to manage, for of course they attend to the serving of refreshments and wait upon mother at the Mother's Day Party right royally, and they enjoy the responsibility of doing everything connected with the party.

